

HISTORICAL NARRATIVE

OF THE

E X P L O I T S

OF THE

SHERIFF OF MID LoTHIAN.

HUMBLY PRESENTED TO THE

C O N S I D E R A T I O N

OF THE

OTHER SHERIFFS OF SCOTLAND,

AND TO HIS COUNTRYMEN AT LARGE.

BY

J E R E M I A H J O B S O N,

S O L I C I T O R A T L A W.

L O N D O N.

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DEDICATION.

TO THE
Right Hon. HENRY DUNDAS,
Of MELVILL, Esq.

Dean of the Faculty of Advocates,
Keeper of His Majesty's Signet for Scotland,
Member of Parliament for the County of Mid
Lothian,

Deputy Governor of the Bank of Scotland,
One of the Trustees for the Fisheries, Improve-
ments, and Manufactures of Scotland,
Vice President of the Royal Society of
Edinburgh,

Treasurer of His Majesty's Navy,
One of His Majesty's Most Honourable Privy
Council,

One of the Commissioners for India,
And late One of the Extraordinary Managers
of the Royal Infirmary,

&c. &c. &c.

SIR,

ANIMATED by the profoundest reverence
and respect for your conduct, I have, with much

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labour

labour and difficulty, made my way through the numerous battalion of titles which encircle your sacred person, in order to lay most humbly at your feet the following Historical Narrative of the exploits of your beloved friend, the Sheriff of Mid Lothian. Elevated so high as you are, and exalted to an eminence, whence your eye takes in, with as much ease as the Devil did upon the top of the mountain, the whole range of the British empire, from Nova Scotia eastward, to the borders of Pegu,

"The flower and choice

"Of many provinces from bound to bound,"

As our Milton sings. Those who are unacquainted with you might think, that you would be apt to overlook the little speck of Mid Lothian. But the freeholders of that county know otherwise. They know, that, so frequently even as once in the six or seven years, nay even oftener, should Parliament be dissolved sooner you, who during the rest of the time are their lord and master, deign, like the Romans during the time of the Saturnalia, to become their slave, and wait most humbly upon those, whose

whose highest honour it is to attend upon you. The following Narrative, therefore, both as it regards Mid Lothian, and also as it relates the illustrious deeds of your friend, the Sheriff, claims, in a particular manner, your patronage.

Your character may be summed up in a few words, for I shall not deal in fulsome compliments. The apostle to the Thessalonians gives the following precept: "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good." Now your eulogium consists in this: that you have compleatly fulfilled the apostolical injunction; you have proved all things; you have uniformly held fast that which was good. Did not you prove Lord North? Did not you prove Lord Shelburne? Do not you now prove Mr. Pitt? Have not you been a Tory or a Whig, a monarchy man or a Republican; an opposer of reform in Parliament, or an advocate for it; a friend to the East-India delinquents, or an enemy to them, in proportion to the good things to be drawn from the one line of conduct or the other? And that too with a noble

contempt of the opinion of the world, and even of the judgement of posterity, which stamps double dignity upon your character. Indeed such is your abhorrence of evil, and natural propensity to that which is good, that you cling to the one as iron does to the loadstone, and shrink from the other with the instinct of the sensitive plant. Nay, you even contrive to hold the good things you have once seized upon so fast, that they cannot be wrung from you even by the dissolution of the Ministry who gave them. Witness that very good thing, the office of Keeper of the Signet, which no power now, but death, can tear from you. And so much for this commandment of the apostle.

I might mention many more of these which you fulfil as religiously; but lest I should be suspected of adulation, I shall conclude with observing, that you have even modelled your eloquence upon scripture precept, "Cry aloud and spare not; lift up your voice like a trumpet," is a rule laid down by one of the prophets, and of which you never lose sight.

You

You spare, indeed, neither your lungs nor your adversaries, nor any one of those who happen to be within the reach of your spittle, which showers down upon them in a drizzly cloud, like water from a *jet d'eau*. In short, Sir, you are the only man in Britain worthy of being put at the head of this Narrative.

I am, Sir,

With the highest respect,

Your humble admirer,

JEREMIAH JOBSON.

Edinburgh,
Turk's Close, Lawn
Market, 1784.

ADVER.

ADVERTISEMENT.

AS the following piece gives a detail of a very new and uncommon kind of policy, I have thought it necessary to inform my readers, that, however strange they may appear, yet the facts in it are most compleatly ascertained: indeed I am so certain of the truth of every one of them, that if a single particle of the Narrative be disproved, I shall allow the whole to be called a romance. Many hearsay stories of uncertain foundation, though in themselves probable enough, I passed over unnoticed, confining myself solely to those facts of which I was either an eye witness, or of which I received information upon which I could assuredly depend; so that I can vouch for their truth upon the word of a christian. If we consider, indeed, for a moment, the character of the great personage who is the hero of my story, we cannot entertain a doubt but

but that he must strike into some new road, and not jog on in the old, beaten, hacknied path, which so many have trod before him. He is the brother-in-law of Mr. Henry Dundas; he is the man who marshals the Mid Lothian veterans, and who leads them on to battle and to victory; and can we doubt but that a portion of Henry's spirit is infused into his kinsman? As far, then, as the exalted policy of that great statesman excels the antiquated, obsolete, unartificial policy of the house of Cavendish; as high as his abilities rise above those of Edmund Burke or Charles Fox, so far must the conduct of Sheriff Cockburn surpass that of every other Sheriff. If my facts, then, need a confirmation from theory, they have it; but they do not need it, they are able to support themselves: this, I say, once for all, and I will not repeat it.

It may be necessary too to notice, that the English reader will, doubtless, find in this piece many of those inaccuracies which go under the name of *Scoticisms*. Some of these, which were pointed out to me by my son, who

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is a student at the College of Edinburgh, and who has assisted me in the embellishment of some parts of this work, and smoothed those rugged places which must have hurt the public eye, I might have corrected. But knowing that there was a book written expressly upon Scoticisms, by the illustrious Mr. Sinclair of Ulbster, (whom God prosper in his present contest against that rascal, Charles Fox, about the boroughs of Kirkwall, &c.) I have thought that it would be doing that author a favour to leave my Scoticisms uncorrected, in order to induce people to read his book, which otherwise, alas! by the folly of the times, might be banished to the snuff-shop, if it be not there already. Should this be the case, I hope that the anxiety of the Public to understand fully the exploits of our Sheriff will produce a second edition of it.

HISTORICAL NARRATIVE, &c.

INTRODUCTION.

MANY, my dear countrymen, have, in ancient and modern times, described the celebrated transactions of those men who have distinguished themselves by their courage or their wisdom, in great and important affairs; and I had waited a long time in expectation that some more able pen would have undertaken the task of recording the exploits of our worthy Sheriff, Cockburn; but, alas, not a single drop of ink has yet been spent in this laudable work, except in the newspapers. This brings to my mind what I formerly read in an old heathenish author, called Horace, when at the Latin school, (for before I came to this great city, I had got a smattering of the learned languages in our parish) that many great men had been forgotten, merely for want of a historian to record their deeds; and be-

ing unwilling that the memory of our Sheriff should perish, I have embraced every leisure moment to form a just and faithful narrative of his behaviour and achievements in the late riots, by which his fame might be spread abroad over the whole face of my native country. I hope that none of those famous historians, who adorn our country, such as Dr. Robertson, Dr. Ferguson, and Dr. Stuart, will consider me as an impertinent intruder into their province. Most willingly would I relinquish the task to them, who could do it so much greater justice than I can pretend to do; but since they have passed over in silence those ever memorable transactions, I hope my countrymen will forgive me for stepping forward like a soldier from the ranks, when the superior officers have deserted their stations. I am, indeed, afraid that the higher classes of people, disgusted with the uncouthness of my style, may throw away my little work (if they should even deign to look upon it) with a smile of contempt. But to this I must submit with resignation, supported by the consciousness of having performed my duty to the community at large; and even with regard to these high folks, I have some hopes that the greatness of the transactions will compensate for the meanness of the style, and that their lustre will, in some degree, illuminate my darkness. At any rate, however this may be, and whatever may be the fate of my poor production, I shall, without farther apology, proceed to my narrative.

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otherwise have lain dormant, and thus deprived the world of the benefits to be derived from contemplating them. We are told, you know, my countrymen, in the Bible, that "the magistrate does not bear the sword in vain." Now, can we suppose, that our Sheriff, whose reverence for the Bible is so well known, could contradict so avowedly and glaringly one of its precepts, as to allow his sword to rust in its scabbard, in a dark corner of his room, which would most certainly have been bearing it in vain, or rather, indeed, not bearing it at all? Can we suppose, that he wanted the pious instigations of our magistrates, whose exemplary attendance upon, and conduct in church, edify and instruct the whole town of Edinburgh? Surely no — Let other magistrates of other boroughs wield their bottles of port, claret, champagne, or tockay! The magistrates of our town will wield their maces, and the Sheriff of our county "bear his sword!" Now there being no possible way of bearing the sword in a proper manner, except in the case of a mob, my brother historians, to whose decision I willingly submit myself, will, I hope, agree with me in accepting the cause I have thus assigned for no means being used to convince the people of the groundlessness of their clamours, if indeed they were groundless — But to return to my narrative.

Though the progress of police, or the increasing effeminacy of our times, as I have heard some allege, has reduced those formidable mobs, who used to domi-

domineer in our streets without control upon the King's birth day, to a very pitiful number indeed; yet, still the children at least, joined with one or two scattered here and there of larger stature, contrive, somehow or other, to keep up a bustle in honour of our most gracious Sovereign—A mob of this description, after tiring themselves with the fooleries of dead cats and old barrels, paraded down to Canon-mills—Our Sheriff and magistrates, while the mob was expressing its loyalty one way, were expressing theirs in another; and, totally regardless (which I desire every one to ascribe to their high spirit and magnanimity) of the consequences which the temper of the populace seemed to threaten, were tossing numerous bumpers to the health of our Sovereign (God bless him!) and the House of Arncliffe*. But as it happened

* This Family is now commonly called a *House*, but whether seriously or ironically I have never been able to discover: for my own part, I mean it seriously; and to support my opinion, I have thought it proper to state some facts relating to its history, by which my readers may be able to judge for themselves:

In the first place, the excessive power possessed by this family, and the almost slavish respect which the people of Scotland pay them, fully intitle them, in my opinion, to the name of *House*. The novelty of its rise, of which we shall speak shortly, forms no objection to this. It is, indeed, rather a confirmation of it. It thus possesses all the gloss of youth, undefiled by the rust which covers the Houses of Cavendish or Hanover. It is to no purpose, therefore, that their enemies urge, that the present interest of the family is entirely owing, not to their ancient dignity or opulence, for they are mere upstarts, and

pened to Belshazzar and his princes, who, as the prophet Daniel informs us, were, in the midst of their jollity and carousals, thrown into the utmost dismay, by the appearance of the hand writing on the wall, so the news of the march of the Lillipution army to Canon-mills roused our Sheriff from his lethargy; who, instantly mounting his horse, and

as poor as rats, but to the various, or rather variable talents of Mr. Henry Dundas. We admit this in its full extent; for what does it prove? Why, the merit of the present members of the family, and nothing else: hence double lustre is reflected upon them. But to shew more fully the greatness of this House, it may be proper to trace its rise; and this I am able to do both from my own observations partly, and in particular, from what I have heard from a brother of mine, who was long an upper servant in the President's family, and very much in the good graces both of the master and his lady, and who has since been provided for very genteely by Mr. Henry's interest; a thing, indeed, which is common to him with almost every other servant of the family, whose claims are always attended to, as in justice they ought, preferably to those of any freeholder in the county. He has often assured me, what indeed I knew myself, that, before the time of Mr. Henry Dundas, none of this House were either powerful or respected, though they pursued the very same plan of policy which he has done; scrupling as little as himself to change sides as occasion served — from violent Jacobites becoming violent Whigs, and making up for their meditated treasons, by their warmth against their old associates. But the Court of that day was slow in rewarding such exemplary piety; and whether Jacobites or Whigs, rebellious or loyal, the family of Arncliffe remained hid in the same obscurity. — It was reserved for the pious reign of George the Third, to put in practice the evangelical precept, of receiving one repentant sinner with more joy, than many and also who have never sinned. Even so late as when poor Lamb had a seat in Par-
liament.

brandishing like the champion of King Crispin on the 25th of October, his sword, instead of a whip, boldly advanced to the assembled rioters. You all know, gentle readers, that a mob very much resembles a snow ball, which gathers by rolling; and this mob formed no exception to the general rule. By the addition of several, who, neither so large as Goliath,

fiament, he, though to the full as eloquent as Mr. Henry, as those who have compared their speeches in the Court of Session and General Assembly can witness, was never heard with patience, nor attracted the smallest notice or consideration. Mere want of principle, a qualification now in such request, was not, it seems, equally so then. The independent combinations of men which then unhappily ruled this country, were friends to principle, and detested verfatility; and though venal men (so they were then called, but our times give them a more honourable name) who were ready to join any party that was uppermost, might now and then insinuate themselves into the most subordinate offices, yet they might as well have hoped to attain the Crown itself, as any department of confidence. But now that the country is governed by one person, that man is the most acceptable who readily performs all his commands, or, what is the same thing, the commands of the Court: nay, the baser he is, the better, because he can the more easily be crushed whenever any emergency requires it. Hence the power of Mr. Dundas. Hence the dignity of the House of Arnishton. Mr. Henry's family was yet but obscure when he got into Parliament, and he thus became a fit object for Court favour. His frequent fits of repentance since, that is, his frequent change of sentiments, for this, learned men tell us, is the meaning of the original word, have made that pious body still more rejoice over him, especially, as from his being a steady believer, and adopting implicitly whatever creed, the Court, which is his, as it is every political believer's, Catholic Church, church establish, they are certain of his turning from the evil of his doings

Goliath, or even the Irish giant, were yet much above the stature of boys, it now made a figure not altogether despicable. The Sheriff, therefore, well pleased at his delay, by which a number worthy of his appearance had got time to assemble, assuming the dignity and tone of the magistrate, attended at the same time by a military force, and having made the riot act be mumbled over, began to harrangue the mob in manner as follows;

“ My Lads,

“ What do you propose to yourselves by this riotous behaviour? — Don’t you know that —
[At this instant a stone came whizzing by, but with-

doings upon a moment’s warning. Nor is the greatness of his House any bar to this implicit belief. His House, indeed, is great, and the greater upon that very account; but it is great only in Scotland — There it is, that all its beams are concentrated, to warm and cherish, and vivify, his dependents; to scorch, and blast, and wither, his opponents. What is done in this distant region is of little consequence to the Court. He may burn in Scotland like the sun in the dog days, but in England he is only a twinkling star; I mean with regard to personal influence, and the influence of his House. In England, therefore, he is still as fit for the purposes of the Court, as when he first stepped into St. Stephen’s chapel, obscure and unknown. But it is time to finish this note, in which I think I have fully proved the justness of the title of *House of Arncliffe*. Many other families will thus be erected into Houses of considerable local magnitude — For a specimen, do we not see the House of Robinson, that of Jack Robinson the rat catcher, I mean: the House of Jenkinson too; Houses, which joined with the House of Arncliffe, form three of the most powerful Houses in Great Britain.

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out doing any execution, the Sheriff having luckily happened to reel to the opposite side.] — “ Don’t you know that I can order you all to be shot in a moment?—Don’t you know” — [Another stone had followed — and another.] — “ Don’t you know, I say, that, though I were killed, the King could get another Sheriff?” — He would have gone on thus displaying his eloquence, and putting the mob to the question, instead of putting them in prison; but finding the matter grow serious, and considering the grief it must occasion to his Sovereign to be deprived of so worthy a Sheriff, and the irreparable loss the county must suffer if any accident should befall him, his loyalty and patriotism got the better of his impetuosity, and articulating as distinctly as he could, “ Stop, my Lads — tell me what you want, and I shall satisfy you,” he at last obtained a cessation of arms. The ringleaders of the mob then advancing to the conference, demanded the release of certain prisoners, taken by the Haigs, in defence of their property, before the Sheriff came; and that two of the Haig’s servants, who had been chiefly active in taking these prisoners, and in the defence of the works, should be committed to prison for their audacity, as one of the mob had been shot in the fray. And lo! gentle reader, the Sheriff complied with these demands: thus displaying the first example of that unparalleled policy which my poor pen has undertaken to celebrate. Upon this policy I beg leave to make a few observations, in order to give my reader as complete an idea of it as I am able.

In the first place, then, I must observe, that among the prisoners were some of the chiefs of the mob, whom individuals, boldly rushing in, had seized without opposition. Now, as these fellows had been seized, not by the command of the Sheriff, but by private persons, and as it belongs to him, and him only, to quell mobs and make prisoners, this act was an invasion of his authority, which his high spirit could not brook. In delivering up these prisoners, therefore, he both vindicated his injured dignity, and pacified the mob, whose stones feloniously aimed at his person. Secondly, This conduct served to display his courage. It was as if he had said to the rioters, "Gentlemen, I disdain to take any advantage of you. Here, I have your chiefs, your heads, your leaders — take them back. Meet me again with your united strength — I will not decline the combat." And is not this courage, gentle reader? Yes; and of the highest kind too. Indeed it will be found afterwards, that one of the Sheriff's chief reasons for patching up this composition with the mob was, that they were not yet sufficiently formidable, and could not acquire sufficient glory to him from their defeat; but, of this, more in the sequel. Thirdly, These prisoners were taken in the fact: to deliver them up, then, was shewing that the Sheriff's power was so great as to enable him to contradict an act of Parliament. Now, what more calculated than this to inspire the people with a reverence for the Sheriff? And what more necessary than that the Sheriff should be revered? What a great

great man must he be who can break through an act of Parliament! — This procedure, then, was most excellently fitted to increase the dignity of Mr. Cockburn's character. But was it prudent, or was it justifiable? Some one may say, O yes! Surely, yes, in the highest degree prudent and justifiable. "The Court of Session," as Dr. Stuart tells us, and as every practitioner at the bar sees done every day, "can look with impudence in the face of an act of Parliament." And why, pray, should the Sheriff look with less impudence? Is not his title as good as theirs? Does not their practice justify his prudence? As to its being justifiable, I shall prove that in an instant. The people of Scotland, from being the most haughty and turbulent people in Europe, have, for upwards of sixty years past, by some, I shall not say unaccountable, for it can be accounted for, but by some strange perversity, become the most abject and supine; and civil liberty thus being no longer diffused over the whole body of the people, has retreated into the narrow compass of the Court of Session, and men of spirit, like our Sheriff. Now, liberty having something of elasticity in it, which likewise is increased by its being bundled up so compactly, now and then makes a sudden spring, and accordingly produces effects which an Englishman could never dream of in the paroxysm of his freedom. Hence the Court of Session breaks acts of Parliament — hence the Sheriff breaks them too. Rejoice, then, my countrymen! — Scotsmen dare violate the regulations of Parliament, which the men of England

dare not do. That privilege, indeed, is confined to a few; but still these few are Scotsmen. If you all enjoyed liberty, it would not be justifiable to trespass against acts of Parliament. But it is justifiable now; for the defect of extension it is right should be supplied by the augmentation of power. The licentiousness of the few must be mingled with the slavery of the many, to make up a compound, which may serve for freedom. It may, indeed, be objected that these few are tyrants, who exalt themselves above all law. But this is the objection of ignorance and malignity. Of ignorance; for so fond, on the contrary, is the Court of Session of laws, that it lays in a new stock of them every day, for fear the old should be exhausted. Of malignity; because to call those tyrants who, like our Sheriff and the Court of Session, condescend to ease us of the burden of liberty, and carry it on their own backs; nay more, who save us the trouble of breaking acts of Parliament, by breaking them to our hands, and thus expose themselves to be hanged for our sakes, is to abuse our benefactors, and slander our friends. From these three considerations, then, to which many more might be added, the reader may be fully convinced of the wisdom of the Sheriff's policy. But his wisdom did not stop here. In committing Haig's servants to prison, he formed a design equally sublime and new. Knowing from his researches in philosophy, in which, I am told, he is very learned, that a shew of generosity has often great effect upon the multitude, he resolved to send up these men with almost no guard, exposed to the

the utmost fury of the rabble, enraged at the death of their companion. What exalted generosity, my countrymen! — Shew me a Sheriff in all Scotland who would have done the same! — Nor was it unrewarded. The men *did* narrowly escape their fury; and were at last safely lodged in prison for defending their property! — The mob, thus soothed, quickly dispersed; and thus ended the first campaign of the Sheriff of Mid Lothian, and thus ends our first chapter.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

IN our last chapter we have seen the qualities of our Sheriff displayed in such lustre, even in my poor description of them, that strangers to his character may be apt to suspect that nothing equal, not to say superior, could ever be performed even by him. But if they proceed to read what I am to relate in this chapter, they will find that the actions of the fourth of June are nothing to those which happened on the seventh of that month. I am persuaded, that when they consider them, they will exclaim, if they happen to remember the lines, in the words which I have seen in a play book, called Shakespeare,

“ ——— O such a day,
 “ So fought, so followed, and so fairly won,
 “ Came not till now to dignify the times,
 “ Since Cæsar’s fortunes !”

In consequence of that deep policy which actuated the Sheriff and magistrates, and which I have taken notice of before, namely, not “ to bear the sword in vain,” three days did not elapse betwixt the first and second attack upon the distillery. The mob was dispersed upon the fourth, but in such a way as encouraged them again to assemble in a more formidable manner, and with more effect. My readers must indeed see this with half an eye, as the saying is,

is, and I will not therefore affront them with dwelling any longer upon it, but leave them to that admiration, which cannot fail to be excited in their minds, when considering how ably the Sheriff provided that one mob should beget another, and that too more lustrous and vigorous than its parent. To the detail of this I shall now proceed.

You must have heard, my countrymen, such of you at least as live in Mid Lothian, or even farther off, that a famous woman, who acted plays, called Mrs. Siddons, was at this time in Edinburgh.—Those who went to see her the ofteneft, have told me, that they do not remember to have seen our Provost or any of the magistrates there, till the night of the seventh of June. Why they pitched upon that particular night may, perhaps, to common observers, carry nothing wonderful in it. But I, who have contemplated so often the wisdom of our magistrates, cannot but believe that there was something in it very political. The weighty concerns of government occupied them too much to have allowed them to descend to the trifles of a theatre, even though a Siddons should take a share in them. So much, indeed, was this the case, that it is a real truth, what their enemies meant for a calumny, but which I record to their praise, that one of them, over-persuaded by his wife, having afterwards gone to see the play of *Zara*, mistook a miserable actress, a Mrs. Wilmot Wells, who represented *Almeria*, for Mrs. Siddons, and lavished accordingly all his praises upon her. There must,

must, therefore, have been something very political in this; and I am now going to tell what it was. By being out of the way, they gave the mob a quiet opportunity of gathering together, which they must have otherwise wanted; and this appears to have been concerted betwixt them and the Sheriff. You will surely all agree, my gentle readers, that there is no kind of magnanimity or courage displayed in fighting with a child, and that no strength is required to crush a weed under your feet. If you want to be esteemed a great boxer, you will challenge some lusty, strong-boned, brawny fellow, whom it is the greatest honour to overcome, and by whom it is no disgrace even to be drubbed, and get a sound basting. If you want to show the strength of your arms, you will attempt to fell some huge tree, and never regard a sapling. Now this was the express policy of our high-minded Sheriff; and for this purpose every engine was set in motion to spirit up a mob, except direct encouragement. By the assistance of the military in the Castle, and the dragoons of Dalkeith, Musselburgh, Haddington, &c. he reckoned himself cock-sure, as they say, of crushing the most formidable mob that could well be raised: and it being a matter of some difficulty to get the rabble set on to this in sufficient numbers, or sufficient strength, it was concerted betwixt him and the magistrates to lie snug, as it were, and the populace in the mean time, according to the proverb, which says, "Well knows the mouse when the cat is not at home," having assembled in full force, might fall into his paws whenever

whenever he chose to make a sudden leap upon them. In consequence of this plan, a box is taken in the play-house for the magistrates and their spouses, in which they take their seats in all the pomp of city dignity, at a very early hour. The gentlemen in the pit, to humour their rulers, for I cannot think it was to humour themselves, as has been asserted, or to make what is called *fun* of such respectable characters, although I am told there were a great many wags among them, contrived, what with clapping, and ruffing, and beating the benches with their sticks, to raise a most thundering applause to John Grieve and his retinue, and which was so frequently renewed, that the good Provost, either, as his enemies say, but which I deem a most villainous aspersion, from a natural awkwardness, and the want of a dancing-master in his youth, or, as I am apt to suppose, from his being rendered giddy by the overpowering clamours which assaulted his ears from every side, could not, by his utmost exertions, get either his head, or his hands, or his body, twisted into any thing that resembled a bow. So that, wearied out at last with ineffectual endeavours, he sat him down contented in silent majesty; and during the rest of the night, though the clouds of incense which had rose thick around him were almost dispersed, their delicious odour, however, still remained, which his Lordship seemed to snuff up with such eager ecstasy, that he could take no share in the distress of Lady Randolph. I thought I could not pass over this description in honour to the chief magistrate of

our city : but I must now turn my attention to what was doing without doors.

It will be necessary to observe, that upon Saturday, the fifth of June, a small number of rioters had assembled, who, as a means of gathering recruits, had forced the public drum from the Baillie of Portsburgh, which not answering their expectations at that time, they resolved to reserve it till Monday, and were actually allowed to carry off this trophy, and deposit it in security. On Monday, accordingly, they paraded through the streets of Edinburgh with the Baillie's drum, in the face of a numerous town-guard, in arms, and a regiment of foot in the castle*. No opposition thus appearing, their numbers grew more and more formidable, so that they now thought themselves strong enough to march down to the distillery ; but here an accident had nearly happened, which the Sheriff certainly was not bound to foresee, and for which, therefore, his policy, of which we have above given the detail, is not to be blamed. A new object of vengeance

* It is to this circumstance, that the author of the poem, or ballad, or song, which the reader will find in the appendix, and which I have published there in order to avoid the greater evil of its coming out by itself, alludes in the following lines :

" Who traitors gave the city up,

" Abandoning all its cares ;

" While the insulted streets rebound

" With other drums than their's."

but as that author is mistaken in most other things, so is he also here, for the drum, as the reader sees, was *their's*.

Strm.

struck the eyes of the populace, this was the theatre; the money consumed there they thought might be much better employed, and they therefore resolved its downfall. No guard was near it; no defence; nothing to save the flower of our nobility and gentry; nothing to protect our fair countrywomen, "the pride of Caledonia's dames," to use the words of Glenalvon, (for I myself have read the play of Douglas) no shelter, no refuge, no assistance. The rabble raise a tremendous shout; no one knows but the theatre may be in flames. The actors are disturbed; even the male part of the audience is in confusion, while the trembling fair ones look around for that aid, which, had the populace persisted in their purpose, could, in the end, but little avail them! But yet who can blame the Sheriff? How many noble designs has the malice of fortune frustrated! How many unforeseen calamities attend even the wisest schemes! I say, therefore, again, who can blame the Sheriff? Besides, it evidently appears he was the care of Providence, and Providence, surely, never protects the unworthy: for by one of those sudden and unaccountable turns of mind, which can be ascribed only to its agency, the Sheriff was saved from this disgrace, the mob marched off, the theatre was delivered from danger.

A little before the mob appeared at the play house, the magistrates, in order to keep up appearances and conceal their secret from the people at large, had retired, as if with an intention to watch the motions

of the rabble. They, however, were allowed to proceed quietly down to Canon-mills, where they set fire to a haystack belonging to the Haigs, and some unfortunate carts which happened to be near. At last matters were thought ripe for the appearance of the Sheriff, who, according to the plan, and in consistence with his dignity, was then only to make his appearance when the plot began to thicken, in conformity to the practice of the stage, where, frequently, the hero of the piece does not enter, as I am told, till the two first acts or so be over. Determined upon a complete victory, he now approached in the full dignity of his office, and followed by an armed force. True dignity is not inconsistent with the deepest humility, especially in the character of a Christian. Of this the Sheriff afforded a remarkable example: with infinite meekness, and a patience that was really astonishing, he bore all the insults and revilings of the mob, who went even so far as to threaten, in his face, to burn his house to the ground. Their words, indeed, far surpassed their deeds; for a serjeant's guard being dispatched, was found a sufficient protection. While the mob were thus employing their tongues instead of their hands, and ungratefully abusing the Sheriff, unmindful of his having formerly delivered up their prisoners to them, he, who in the midst of his valour never forgets his prudence, thought he might, without any great danger, now try the mettle of his opponents. He therefore ordered a few random shots to be fired, determined, in case they still continued violent,

violent, to have recourse, a second time, to his oratorical powers, of which we have before given a specimen, and from which he concluded, and rightly, that he could effect his grand purpose, as well as by arms, of displaying his eminent qualities for general imitation, of affording an example to the other Sheriffs of Scotland, and of acquiring to himself the title, which as I read long ago in the history of Tamerlane, of which I was particularly fond in my youth, that conqueror used to give to his illustrious Vizziers, of "Lord of the sword and the pen." But the event discovered there was no need of oratory; the few shots that were fired made the mob scamper off in confusion, upon that side to which they were directed, and in which, indeed, they were in the smallest number. The croud thus being demonstrated to be poltroons, it may appear to people of vulgar apprehensions, that the Sheriff had now a glorious opportunity of seizing upon the principal delinquents, as the greater part of the mob still remained wedged so close together, that they could have made no resistance; but these people must be informed that the Sheriff had higher designs than making prisoners: this was a business below his dignity, and to be executed by catchpoles, messengers, and such like. Would they transform the Sheriff of Mid Lothian into a thiefcatcher! Ridiculous! Absurd! The reader is now to see how much more nobly the Sheriff acted: preparations were ordered to be made for a general discharge, not that the Sheriff wished to deliver the rabble

over

ver to the custody of death as the securest jailor, or I cannot allow myself to indulge the idea that he had a purpose so sanguinary, but judging that there was no more danger to be dreaded from them than from their associates who had fled, he resolved to make a complete rout of them, being convinced now they would not stand fire. And indeed how could they, when upwards of one half of them were women and children? The Sheriff's expectations were not disappointed, the terror of these preparations threw them into a panic, and they all fled to a man. The Sheriff thus remained master of the field of battle, or, if the reader chuses rather, the field of flight, exulting in the glory he had acquired from so complete a victory. It now appeared, evidently, that the previous steps taken by the Sheriff and magistrates to spirit up a mob were absolutely necessary; for, even after all their endeavours, there were not twenty men of resolution assembled; all the rest counted for nothing, however great their numbers. They were, indeed, able to set fire to a distillery, or burn a play house, when left to themselves, for even children can work mischief; but look them in the face and they were gone. A numerous party coming up, was dispersed by the distant sound of the shot, and slunk away as secretly as possible. The steps, therefore, I repeat it, taken by the Sheriff and magistrates were absolutely necessary, and do the highest honour to their foresight and their policy.

Having

Having thus conducted our hero to the conclusion of this important day, which put a final stop to the disturbances in Edinburgh, it will be proper to give a short recapitulation of the whole of the business, in order to present my reader, in one collected view, with the whole policy, and conduct, and wisdom, of our Sheriff. The picture, indeed, will be in miniature, but the imagination of the reader can easily supply the deficiency, and make up for the want of a full length; and here it is:

The mob had been dispersed on the night of the fourth, but yet in so masterly a manner as rendered it almost impossible that they should not assemble again. Upon the fifth, they were allowed to carry off the public drum, and beat up for recruits. Sunday, the sixth, a day which our populace never violates, was employed only in secret machinations. Monday, the seventh, the magistrates totally desert the police; the Sheriff keeps out of the way, the mob parades through the street with the most supreme insolence, beating time to the sound of their drum, and with all the exultation which cowards display when they perceive no danger. They increase to a vast number, and the policy of the Sheriff has now brought them all within his clutches. Had a different plan been pursued on the night of the fourth, the mob might have been totally quashed, and that too without the loss of a man on either side. But then the Sheriff would have been deprived a second opportunity of "bearing his sword;" the same object

jection lay against attacking them on Saturday, when they first seized the drum. Besides, it was altogether beneath a man of the Sheriff's spirit and sagacity to attack a small number, from whose defeat he could gain no glory, and who were too thin an audience for the display of his eloquence. Add to this, that it would not have cut up the mob by the roots; the Sheriff's plan was to get them all collected, in order that having this manifold monster transformed, as it were, into one head, he might cut it off at one blow. It is, indeed, a maxim of some people who think themselves wise, that things of this kind should be crushed at the beginning, before they gather to a head; but the Sheriff was not a common thinker. His notions were more exalted: he determined upon something decisive; and resolved to act with regard to the mob as is sweetly sung in our version of the Psalms, the melody of which, whoever has seen the Sheriff's poetry must confess, he imitates most wonderfully:

" That he should give them rest from days

" Of sad adversity,

" Until the pit be digged for those,

" That work iniquity."

And who will not confess that the pit was dug most effectually? For this reason it was, that he stopped " his thunder in mid volley." For this reason it was that the ghost of a mob was suffered to spread as much terror as other ghosts use to excite — For this reason it was, that a phantom, a shadow, was conjured

jured up into a substance — That children were allowed to plunder the properties, and lay waste the possessions of His Majesty's subjects; assault a Royal theatre, and disturb the quiet of the country for many miles round — For *men* at last being brought to join them, they tumbled into the pit altogether. From this recapitulation, then, joined with the preceding narrative, none of you, my countrymen, surely can refuse to concur with me in admiration of our worthy Sheriff!

And here I should conclude my second chapter, but that I think it necessary just to notice, that this same night of the seventh, a party set off from Dalkeith to the distillery at Ford, which they burnt to the ground, disdaining at the same time to taste a drop of the liquor. This fact, which the whole country can attest, plainly shews, that the people were actuated solely by a sense of what they thought grievances, and demonstrates at the same time, the absolute necessity of that policy which I noticed at the beginning, of no pains being taken to enlighten the populace upon the subject of distilleries; because, had they been once convinced that the distilleries were only an imaginary grievance, there would have been no mob; and then, alas! can any friend of the Sheriff's think of it without shuddering? that magistrate would have "borne the sword in vain!" — But, thank heaven, he provided completely against this, as I think I have fully shewn in this chapter, to which I shall now put a final conclusion.

C H A P. III.

IN the two last chapters we have delineated the conduct of the Sheriff, previous to, and during the continuation of the mobs. For this chapter we shall consider his behaviour after their suppression; a behaviour equally fruitful of praise to him, and of instruction to my readers; and with this I shall conclude my narrative.

The Sheriff now thought proper to call a meeting of the heritors of the county, who were liable for the damages already sustained, and which might be sustained by individuals for want of a proper police — He displayed to them in the most energetic language, the violences and dangers occasioned by the mobs, and his fears for the future, unless such disorders were *timely checked*. He modestly confessed, for true genius is never arrogant, that he had not yet made up his mind upon a subject of such difficulty, and concluded, with begging their assistance in the arduous undertaking. I must confess, that I have met with people, enemies to the Sheriff, who have argued, from his subsequent conduct, that he *had* made up his mind upon the subject as completely as a jury's verdict is *made up* when

sealed

sealed by the Chancellor, and that the consulting of the heritors was only a piece of formality. But surely these people were very unfit judges of characters, if they can blame the Sheriff for this, which I reckon his greatest honour. When a man is really undecided upon a measure, no wonder that he should ask advice, and seek assistance; self-love dictates this in the most forcible way. But when you have already laid your plans, and concerted all your measures, by which you are resolved firmly to stand; when you have *made up* your mind in a bundle which you are determined never to untie; when you stand in no need of counsel, and are above all direction, then to condescend to crave the help and opinions of other men, can proceed from nothing but the purest benevolence, and the very knight-errantry of politeness. So that this conduct of the Sheriff is worthy of the highest praise, and is of itself alone sufficient to refute all the arguments of selfish philosophers; for which reason I make a present of it to the advocates of the benevolent system; who will, I dare say, not fail to use it. But some may think, that however bright the Sheriff's benevolence shone on this occasion, his prudence was rather under a cloud; since, if a majority of the meeting had been of different sentiments from him, he must have been forced to relinquish his own opinions — Those, however, who thus object, do not consider, that the majority of a Mid-Lothian meeting, however refractory some in the minority may be, have, by the matchless industry of the House of Arncliffe, been trained to fol-

low wherever any of that House chuse to lead them, avoiding, by this means, all that confusion and disorder which the fools in England call liberty. Now the Sheriff and that family are hand and glove, as we say, and, therefore, there could be no danger of being obliged to abandon his sentiments: and thus are dispelled those clouds which envy and malice have raised to obscure the glory of our hero. But now for our narrative.

Sir John Dalrymple, one of the Barons of Exchequer, whose abilities, alas! have led him so far astray as to make him refuse to be enrolled in the train of the family of Arniston, the greatest blemish of his life, and which all lovers of order deplore in common, proposed some spirited resolutions, which, however, we must lament, as tinged with the colour of party prejudices. In his remarks upon the disorderly and licentious spirit of the populace in and about Edinburgh, he almost directly charged the Sheriff with allowing the laws to be grossly and shamefully violated with impunity; not comprehending the exalted policy of that magistrate, who, as we have observed over and over again, allowed the disturbance to grow to maturity, merely in order to display his courage and abilities in overpowering them at their greatest height. Nay, he even went so far as to charge the late chief crown lawyer, Mr. Henry Dundas, with remissness, in not prosecuting the rioters in the popish mobs, and affirmed, that this example of impunity was probably the cause of
the

the burning of London, the populace perceiving that they might go any lengths without dread of punishment. To prevent, therefore, the present crown lawyers from having any excuse for remissness, he proposed, that the meeting should recommend it to them to inquire who the chief delinquents were, and prosecute them with severity; by which means, together with a proper vigilance in watching the first appearances of a tumult, and a proper vigour in seizing and punishing the delinquents, he thought an effectual check would be given to the present disturbances.

However much the matter of Sir John's proposals might please the Sheriff and his adherents, the manner in which he made them was deservedly disagreeable; it was, therefore, resolved to disapprove of them for the present. The Solicitor General, Mr. Robert Dundas, declared, as the mouth of the majority, "that in a case of such importance he was *"not for precipitation."* Vulgar politicians may, perhaps, think, that the Solicitor, in the flurry of speaking, incident to a young man, had mistaken *precipitation* for *delay*, but refined statesmen knew better. Had Sir John's proposal been executed immediately, there was no chance for another mob. Now it would have been a most unpardonable error to have run the risk of depriving the Sheriff of a third opportunity of "bearing his sword:" the Solicitor, therefore, moved, "that a Committee be appointed to consider what was to be done, and to
" report

“ report to another general meeting of the freeholders
 “ to be held that day se’nnight ; which, after a short
 “ debate, was agreed to.” Five great points were
 thus gained by the Solicitor, first, in the space of
 eight days, if any one among that immense number
 of sober-thinking people, who were enemies to the
 distilleries, chose to join the mob, they had, by this
 means, full time given them. Secondly, a decisive
 measure being thus rejected, the populace were in-
 duced to believe, when no other was substituted in
 its place, that the crown lawyers were against a
 prosecution, and accordingly might proceed to the
 most violent measures under the impression of im-
 punity. Thirdly, if the crown lawyers really
 should proceed to prosecute the offenders, this refe-
 rence to a Committee tended to lull the culprits
 asleep, while, in the mean time, *informers* might
 get full intelligence of every soul of them; whereas,
 according to Sir John’s plan, a sense of immediate
 danger might have made them take the precaution
 of flight. Fourthly, when the prosecution did com-
 mence, the odium of it among the vulgar would na-
 turally fall upon Sir John Dalrymple and those who
 acted with him, who must thus lose that great en-
 gine of a minority, the affection of a people, since
 the crown lawyers would be supposed to be forced
 into it by their clamour, which even the common
 people knew were supported by the laws of the coun-
 try. While, on the other hand, fifthly, the prosecu-
 tion being adopted by a Committee, and not taken
 primarily from Sir John, who was even soundly
 rated,

rated, as the reader is going to see, by the Solicitor, he and his party were taught that the freeholders of Mid Lothian valued them not a rush. Such was the policy of Robert Dundas! Who, after this, will dare to maintain that wisdom is to be estimated by the colour of the hair, or measured by the length of a man's beard? Surely my countrymen will sing along with me, "out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast ordained praise!" But even this was not all; I mentioned that the Solicitor gave Sir John Dalrymple a sound rating. The reader is now to hear it: "The honourable Baronet," it is the Solicitor who speaks, "has mentioned a commendation to the crown lawyers; Sir, I highly venerate the freeholders of Mid Lothian, but I will not be directed by them, or by any one else, in the discharge of that duty which it lies in my own breast to discharge to my Sovereign, from whom I have received this office, and to whom alone I am accountable in the exercise of its functions." He said a great deal more to the same purpose, but this specimen must suffice for the present. The Solicitor has, indeed, been attacked by several malicious persons as speaking with too much familiarity of the King, who, say these people, would feel no blank in the number of those he knows, though the name of Robert Dundas were out of the creation. Nay they scruple not to aver, that Mr. Henry Dundas gave him his office, not the King, and that it was a mere matter of bargain and sale betwixt him and William Pitt, little Bobby being

being clapped into the said Henry's pocket, and received in the gross along with him. The truth of this I do not attempt to deny; and I called these people malicious, not because they told a falsehood, but because they wished to turn that to the Solicitor's prejudice, which, I think, turns out to his honour. For will any man deny that the highest respect should always be paid to the house of Arncliffe? Will any man deny that the great offices of the law should always appear to the people to be bestowed by the Sovereign? Will any man deny that a supposed intimacy with the Sovereign will not bestow a kind of sanctity upon the person possessed of it? Will any man deny that this kind of sanctity should always attend the crown lawyer? Will any man deny that of all the crown lawyers that ever existed, the present Solicitor has the greatest need of this adventitious assistance, his own nature and character being totally destitute of it? Will any man deny that it is not, then, most necessary to boast of such intimacy, when the strongest evidence appears against it? Will any man deny that the strongest evidence did appear against our Solicitor? Will any man, therefore, finally, deny, that it was proper in him, laudable, meritorious, and necessary, to boast of the office being conferred on him by his Sovereign, and that accordingly it is true, what we have said, that this conduct does him the highest honour? Fear nothing, then, my sweet Bobby, despise the malice of your enemies. Under the protection of this my battery of interrogations, formidable as those which the illustrious

lustrious Tommy Townsend, when in opposition, used to play off against Ministry, you may, with confidence, defy them all! But whither am I carried? I beg pardon of the Sheriff for this digression: I return to you, my hero, this moment.

The general meeting again assembled that day se'nnight, and Fortune, I cannot say Providence, for surely it must have favoured the Sheriff, fortune, alas! having decreed that no mob should arise, the Sheriff, submitting with pious resignation to that "time and chance," which the Bible assureth us, "happen to all men," determined to adopt the prosecution. Fretted, perhaps, with the disappointment he had sustained *, the prosecution was commenced, and carried on with more severity and extent than Sir John Dalrymple had intended. Sentence of transportation, their services being adjudged to fourteen some, others to seven years, was passed upon the rioters whom the Sheriff's informers had detected. Two of them were whipped through the town,

* The Sheriff had met with another affair too to chagrin him. A Committee of the gentlemen of the county had met at Dalkeith to consider the affair of the distillery at Ford, the burning of which we have before mentioned. The old women of that town, who were by no means well affected to the Sheriff, thought proper also to appoint a Committee of their number to drive out the Committee of freeholders; and which accordingly they effected. One of these women, in particular, with a brick-bat in each hand, had the audacity to challenge the Sheriff to single combat. Our valourous hero, however, brandishing his pistol in her face, at last got rid of her. This accident, however, could not fail to sour his temper, and might be an additional reason of what is mentioned in the text.

attended with a strong military force ; and thus matters have ended. Before putting, however, a period to this narrative, let me observe in concluding, that the Sheriff deserved as much praise in this latter part as in any of the former. The ringleaders, seized on the fourth of June, had been dismissed by him, as related above, and even a formal treaty entered into with them ; but then they were dismissed only to be more severely punished afterwards. The Sheriff's policy here sparkles with superior lustre. He contrived a mode which rendered a prison unnecessary ; and while the rioters were allowed to walk about at freedom, really detained them in invisible chains, as if by the power of magic. To do this, indeed, required a sacrifice of his honour : but what then ? Is not the Sheriff's honour as dear to him as his life ? If he sacrificed the one then, he will be equally ready, when called on, to sacrifice the other too, for the benefit of his country ! What a patriot ! Sacrifice his honour ! What a victim ! The smoke of it, like the smoke of the torments of the damned, shall ascend up for ever and ever !

And now, my countrymen, I desire you all to join with me in celebrating the downfall of this mob, in the words of the psalmist, in our most excellent version : —

“ When those that lewd and wicked are,

“ Spring quickly up like grass,

“ And workers of iniquity

“ Do flourish all apace ;

babnana

“ It

" It is that they for ever may

" Destroyed be and slain :

" But thou, O Lord, art the most high,

" For ever to remain.

" For, lo! thine enemies, O Lord,

" Thine enemies perish shall :

" The workers of iniquity

" Shall be dispersed all."

And let all the people say Amen !

A P P E N D I X.

A FRIEND of mine, who has since gone to America, gave me, at his departure, the following little poetical piece, which he intended to have published himself, had I not offered to undertake the task; though, indeed, after a long struggle in my own mind, and many appeals to my conscience, I hated to be the publisher of such an attack upon our Sheriff and magistrates; but I hated still more that it should walk abroad alone. My narrative now marches before it, and proclaims aloud, as it passes, that the thing behind it is all a lie. To secure the matter still farther, I have ordered my eldest son, Jerry, to write a Commentary upon the most exceptionable passages, which the reader will find guarding the rear, as the narrative does the van.

S O N G.

S O N G.

I.

HAVE ye any meal within the house,
 Good wife, come tell me true ?
 " 'Tis a at the distillery,
 " Nane gets it but the sow."

II.

Have ye any corn within the house,
 To send unto the mill ?
 " The de'el a grain, 'tis a ta'en up
 " In whisky to distil."

III.

O hae ye nae potatoes, wife,
 To fill my hungry wame ?
 " Gae wa to the distillery,
 " There's nought at a at hame."

IV.

I've heard of old King Midas, wife,
 That turned his food to gold ;
 But when his hungry stomach yearned,
 His comfort was but cold.

V.

Is not their folly greater still,
 Who turn our food to gin ?
 It fills us drunk, it makes us mad,
 But never stuffs our skin.

The

VI.

The King's birth-day it draweth near,
Then shall we merry be,
We'll make as rare a bonfire, wife,
As ever ye did see.

VII.

When new laws they were making, wife,
That Popery might spread,
Did we not burn their chapels down,
And on their ruins tread?

VIII.

Wat. Hamilton stood looking on,
With soldiers compassed round;
Bueeleugh and all his men were there,
But no respect they found.

IX.

Full twenty thousand gallant lads,
To make our bonfire bent;
What power on earth can them withstand,
Or their designs prevent?

X.

" Ah! Willy, dear, ye maun tak heed,
" For sore, 'sore I'm afraid,
" Of all your twenty thousand friends,
" Not ten will give you aid."

XI.

" The rest, a dastard, coward crew,
" Will only go to gaze,
" Or faithlessly to tell such tales
" As may cut short your days."

• Come

XII.

' Come on, my boys, and let us seek
' The cause of all our woe ;
' For if our hands fail not our hearts,
' We'll quickly lay it low.'

XIII.

' Good morrow, Master Sheriff,
' With terror in his cheeks,
' —————'s now out dane *,
' For he has slit his breeks.'

XIV.

' Set free, set free, our merry men,
' Or rue the woeeful day.'
He sets them free, to take revenge
When friends are all away.

XV.

" Farewel ! farewel ! my loving wife,
" I'll never see thee more ;
" For I am sent to spend my days
" On desert Afric's shore."

XVI.

" Where cruel master wields the whip ;
" A chained slave I go,
" Hourly to curse my birth, and pray
" For death to end my woe."

* I have here omitted part of a line, for which even my friend will thank me; for I know that, upon reflection, he would exclaim with me, Cursed be the man who could so far indulge his hatred against any character, as to allow himself to tinge, for a moment, the youthful cheek of female modesty with the blush of shame.

The

XVII.

The mournful people mutely gazed,
And saw their comrades dear
The hangman's ignominious stroke,
With looks indignant, bear.

XVIII.

" Ill falls the lash ; 'twere juster far,"
The offended people say,
" Did their vile shoulders feel the smart,
" Who basely caused the fray ;

XIX.

" Who, traitors, gave the city up,
" Abandoning all its cares,
" While the insulted streets resound
" With other drums than their's ;

XX.

" Who meanly set the felons free ;
" They, they, deserve the stroke
" Who promised pardon to the croud,
" And then their promise broke !"

Commentary

Commentary upon the above BALLAD.

By JEREMIAH JOBSON, Junior.

THE Ballad upon which I am to write a Commentary, is an anonymous piece, and of itself deserves no consideration — Were it not for the turbulent spirit of the times, it must soon sink into contempt, along with all other anonymous and defamatory libels — “The exploits of gentlemen, whose delicacy and modesty,” to use the words of the writer of the life of Erasmus, “will not permit them to set their names to their works; works, which, like a candle’s end burning in the socket, soon cease both to blaze and to stink.” But since it is likely to walk abroad upon the stilts of popular prejudice, and even to be borne aloft upon the gale of faction, it is the duty of every honest man to take aim at it, and bring it down in its mid career. *Dii mea vota secudent.*

S T A N Z A I.

The writer of the ballad seems to have a sort of Jewish antipathy to swine. But did it escape him, that the numerous colonies of swine, which must be sent forth from the distillery, will make ample amends to all Christians in the country, for the meal which
 he

he absurdly says " nane gets but the fow." These swine may even save the expence of instruments of husbandry; for we may use them as the ancient Egyptians did, to turn up the ground, and thus we will obtain a double benefit. For this fact, I refer the reader to Herodotus — I would give the passage in the original, but my father has forbidden me to use the Greek letters, and I will not disgrace that language, as how d'ye call the man who writes about truth, Beattie, of Aberdeen, has done, by turning the Greek letters into English characters!

S T A N Z A II.

It is a curious way my father's friend has taken to fill the man's " hungry wame," by making him desirous of sending corn to the mill. So he must have wanted meat till the miller ground it! *O lepidum caput!* It is true, the man's hunger is not mentioned till the next stanza, but then you may be sure he meant this. I assert it upon my authority of a commentator.

S T A N Z A III.

And pray what better use could be made of the potatoes than sending them to the distillery? It is a shame for the dutiful, loyal, and submissive people of Scotland, to feed upon a vile, rebellious, Irish root — Would that the Sheriff would interdict the use of them altogether, lest with the potatoes of the Irish we imbibe their spirit.

STANZA

STANZA IV. and V.

Without animadverting upon the faulty comparison contained in these verses, I shall proceed to a defence of drinking, and in particular of the Sheriff's drinking, which this wou'd-be-wit attempts obliquely to satirize; and I shall begin with quoting scripture, after the laudable example of my father — "Drink no longer water," say the apostle to Timothy, "but use a little wine for thy stomach's sake, and thine often infirmities. *Wine* is here used as a generic term, comprehending under it every species of strong liquor. The apostle, indeed, says a *little* strong wine. But then it is to be noticed, that an obedient mind always outruns, in some degree, the precept, and is not contented unless to the labour of duty it adds also "the labour of love." According to this principle, the Sheriff drinks *much* wine; and who, save cavillers of this author's description, will not praise him for it? This precept of drinking wine, is confirmed by the practice of those Christians even who have degenerated most from apostolic purity. The Georgians, as Chardin assures us, do not reckon those to be Christians, who do not get themselves dead drunk at their grand festivals. Hear himself — "*Le Préfet des Capucins m'a assuré d'avoir*
"oui dire au Catholiques (on appelle ainsi le Patriarche
"de Georgie) que celui, qui aux grandes fêtes (comme
"Pâques et Noël) ne s'enivre pas entièrement, ne passe
"point pour Chrétien, et doit être excommunié."

And shall not our Sheriff outstrip these degenerate Christians, and get drunk every day in the year — For shame, Mr. Author, for shame! “ *Pudet hæc opprobria nobis et dici potuisse.*” But we rejoice on the other hand, “ *potuisse refelli.*” And that not only by the practice of the Sheriff, but of Mr. Henry Dundas, and my Lord Thurlow. Of the drinking of the first, I mean Mr. Dundas, I can give a most remarkable example, among numberless others which happened at his last election dinner in the assembly hall of Edinburgh, on Thursday the 8th of April, of this year. I was not, indeed, present, though I had received an invitation, owing to my uncle's intimacy in the family, and though I had heard his speech to the Mid-Lothian freeholders, that very day in the Inner-Parliament house, which both for the style, and the tone in which it was delivered, might have done honour to Mr. Wesley himself, being unexpectedly obliged to set off for Glasgow on the Friday morning, and busied all the preceding evening in preparations for my journey, which was as joyful as unexpected. At this dinner, then, as I heard from a friend of mine, who sat at the same table with Mr. Dundas and the Duke of Hamilton, the former so completely obeyed the wine-drinking precept, that he was neither able to stand nor sit; and his social affections were so heightened that he kissed and beslobbered all around him, especially the aforesaid Duke, with whom he swore eternal friendship. And these shall suffice for modern examples — As for the ancient, whoever reads

reads Homer (in Greek I mean, not in Pope's paraphrase) will see praise of wine set forth in the most glowing colours. But alas! our Censor! He will come in with his ribbald verses, and drive all our bottles from the table; so that we must say with the poet of Schiras, "Although the wine inspires
 " us with joy, and the gale scatters roses around
 " us, yet drink no more to the sound of the lute,
 " for the Censor is extremely severe." But the Sheriff and this commentary will prove a match for him.

As the remaining stanzas proceed totally from a misapprehension of the Sheriff's policy, of which my father has said so much above, it is needless to say any more here.

T H E E N D.

0

... Homer (in Greek I mean, not in Pope's
translation) will be proud of wine for food in the
most glowing colours. But alas! our Country is
with us in with his rippled vessel, and drive all
our bottles from the table; so that we must say with
the poet of Sehiras, "Although the wine inspires
" us with joy, and the pale foister roles around
" us the bands no more to the sound of the lute,
" yet the Doctor is certainly fitter." But the
... and this commentary will prove a match for

... the remaining stanza proceed totally from a
... reputation of the Doctor's policy, of which
... has led to such abuse, it is needless to say
... here.